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Alexandria Gazette

# Alexandria Gazette

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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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One year.....	\$6 00
Six months.....	3 00
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## ADVERTISING RATES.

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Spaces.	1 w.	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
no square.....	\$2 25	\$0 50	\$15 00	\$38 00	\$60 00
two squares.....	4 00	11 00	22 00	35 00	60 00
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Half column..... 25 00    50 00    100 00    150 00    225 00  
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Special contracts will be made with yearly advertisers.  
 Marriage and Death Notices fifty cents. Obituaries will be charged at advertisement rates.

[COMMUNICATED.]

**Vacation.**  
 BY U. C.  
 Vacation, boys! vacation, boys!  
 Vacation! is the word  
 That passeth the lips of every boy,  
 In this the wide, wide world.  
 A few more weeks, a few more weeks,  
 And then the school time ends  
 For boys to have two months at play,  
 Or! what a time they'll spend.  
 Yes, eight weeks boys; yes, eight weeks boys;

And then to study go,  
For eight weeks is all we have boys,  
For us ourselves to show.  
Yes, to study boys; yes, to duty boys;  
To duty with our might.  
To learn to grow up like good men,  
To fight life's battles right.  
When you have fought life's battles well,  
And passed from earth away,  
Do leave a record that will show  
You studied while 'twas day.  
This poetry was written by an Alexandria  
boy, which is the reason I would like to see it  
print. R.

**A Hard Road to Travel.**  
A conductor on the Michigan Central Road  
was passing him the other day. The train

"I tried to get across him the other way," she said, "but he was coming east, had just left Jackson, when this car came from Leesville. He discovered on the platform that he was in the rear car. He seemed to have an instinct in being out there instead of in the car, and the conductor was deceived as to his movement. Conductors rarely ever get hold of the correct theory when they find a man with a pocket book and a lean satchel sitting out on the rear platform.

"Trying to beat my way—great heaven! but I can tell you that?" replied the man from Leesville to the conductor's brief but vigorous explanation. "No, sir-ee! I came out here for the fresh air. I've cramped out so long that I'm as stiff as a hoss the minute I feel a roof over me."

be in a midget and pay my fare to Detroit, going up there to engage seventeen hundred men to return to Leadville with me."

The conductor suggested that he enter the car and pay his fare at once. Michigan railroad conductors don't seem to care a damn whether a passenger hails from Leadville or not.

"Pay my fare to once—of course I will!" replied the man from Leadville. "The owner the Huckleberry mine wouldn't look very likely trying to beat a one-track railroad out of one or four dollars' fare. I'll be in there in just a midget—just as soon as the rawness feelin' of the stummick is kinder gone. I'd better go in and get change for a five hundred dollar bill, so as not to detain ma."

The conductor went back to the cars.

"Pay my fare!" he shouted, as the conductor gave him a vigorous shaking up. "Do you charge me double fare because I own the biggest and richest silver mine in L'adville. Am I to be imposed on because I am about to engage thirteen hundred laborers in Detroit, at \$2 dollars a day per man?"

"I want your fare," said the conductor.

"Want it twice over?"

"You haven't paid your fare yet, but you must or I shall put you off the train,"

"I appeal to my fellow passengers. I do!"

"I give you one quarter of a minute to pay your fare!" said the conductor, as he reached the bell rope.

"I'll pay," replied the man, after a few seconds—"I'll pay now, and sue the company on our reach Detroit. I'll have to pay you silver bars, as I'm short of gold coins and pennance."

He fished up his old catfish, took about four minutes to unlock it, and, after a dive and a scramble, he fished up two old paper collars, a remnant of a shoe brush and an old darn-

"Come! I'm in a hurry," said the conductor. "I want this train searched; I've been robbed of over \$3,000 worth of silver bars!" He pointed the man from Leadville, turning the old wheel wrong side out and holding it up. The train was stopped, and he was ordered alight. He looked from the big brakeman to the conductor and sorrowfully remarked: "Yes, I'll dismount. I've bin robbed, insulted and abused, and I want to sit down on a log and think it over and plan my revenge. The owner of the Huckleberry mine can't be stepped on with impunity, and you hear me!"

The train started. As the last car reeled on the Huckleberryian made a grab for the platform, missed the railing, and the last seen of him was feet twinkling above the bull-  
rushes of a roadside swamp. He had got a life of fifteen miles, and was doubtless perfectly satisfied.—*Detroit Free Press.*

For a fine nobby suit of CLOTHING \$60 S.  
TALHAM, 62 King st., corner Fairfax.

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TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

This is to give notice that, as owner of the following boats, I will not be responsible for any supplies or bills at, or may be contracted by

ptains or crews.  
F. MERTENS, Cumberland, Md.

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Names of Boats:

H. Houck,	Little Eddie,
zzie K.,	W. F. Woods,
A. West,	M. C. Clay,
C. F. Russell,	Capt. Jas. Marmaduko,
bert Zeigler,	[my 7-1m]

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